REVIEW.

Tuesday, December 9. 1712.

HAVING in my last, said something to the present unhappy State of the Nation's Feuds, in order to move you to look into your present Party Conduct, and to consider of ine Course to reconcile Things among us, I find a- undance of People offended, and who indeed could pect any other? For it is natural to Man not to ad- it any one to Reprehend him; as I foretold, all des are against me; every Man's Hand is up in his vn Defence; neither Side will allow themselves at l to Blame, and instead of the Blessing, I am like have Blows of the Peace-maker; like the Man ho runs in, to part two Men fighting, and both in ying at one another, lay on upon him, and he falls the Fray.

What! You would have us be Moderate now, ould you, *says the Whig?* You would have us ac- iesce in the New Measures, and sit still quietly, nd see ourselves Ruin'd, and these Men Establish emselves? No, no, we will never sit still, till we ave pull'd them out of their Power, and brought em to Account for all they have done to us.

AP... on your Cant of Moderation, *says the To- es*, now we have got the *Whigs* under Foot, you reach Moderation, do you? This was the very Cheat at bubbl'd us last Time, when we had the Game our Hands before; but *burnt Bairn Fire dreads*; 'e will not be trick'd out of it a Second Time, that ham will take no longer; *We have got ye down, and e will keep ye down; down ye are, and down ye shall be, nd never shall ye rise more, till the Resurrection of ll Things.*

Very well, *says the Whig*, again, now they have one all they can, degraded and insulted us, publish'd ll the Scandalous Things they can think of upon us, nd prov'd nothing, now they have turn'd all honest en out, over the whole Nation; now we are en- rely depos'd, crush'd, and kept under; now we ust be moderate, that is, we must bear it, and let em Reign quietly; No, no, we know better, we ave Ways left to embarrass and perplex them ill.

Very well, *says the Tory*, again, Your Modera- tion is a fine Thing, indeed, pray, are the *Whigs* crush'd? Will they call Your Moderation any Thing but Fear? And will they not insult us upon it on e- very Occasion? If we had effectually Reduc'd *Whig- gism*, we might then shew our Moderation with some Safety; but to be moderate now, is to expose our- selves, and be immoderately Foolish.

Moderate, *says the Whig!* why we Moderate, and no-body else? By your Doctrine, we must stand still, (*Moderation*) to let the *Tories* get up upon us, and seat themselves fast in the Saddle, and what then will *you* answer for it, that the *Tories* shall ride *Moderate- ly* when they are up? When You can give us Secu- rity for this, we may talk with You about Mode- ration, and till then, 'tis Nonsense; *Moderation* will be nothing but meer *Indolence and Stupidity.*

Moderate, *says the Tory, why we Moderate and no-body else?* By *your Doctrine*, we must stand still, *Moderation*, while the *Whigs* recover themselves, car- ry on their Intrigues, take Breath, fortifie their In- terests at Home and Abroad, and give us a Turn a- gain, and destroy us; Will you answer for it, that the *Whigs* shall go on *Moderately*? Will they *Plot Moderately* against the Church? Will they Rail *Mo- derately* at the Queen? Will they prompt the Con- federates to carry on the War *Moderately?* When you can give us Security for this, we may talk with you about Moderation, but till then, it is all a *Whiggish Plot* to talk of it.

A pretty Story indeed, says a Whig, we must be Moderate, and we must endeavour Moderation, *How long pray?* Till the *New Ministry* make Secret Leagues with *France*, and bring about the *Popish* De- vilish Projects of the *French* King to Enslave *Europe*! We must be Moderate, till the *Tories very Moderate- ly* put us into the Hands of the Pretender; We must let the Party *Moderately* Ruin the *Dutch*, *Moderately* join *France* and *Spain*, *Moderately* Affront the House of *Hanover*, *Moderately* Ridicule the Succession, and above all, *most Moderately* Treat with the Pretender. Is this your *Moderation?* You may talk long enough, but you will find yourself mistaken.

A good Phanatick Plot, *says a Tory*, What, will you never have done whining? What is it you would have us Moderate about? Would you have us turn *Whigs*, fall in with the *Dutch*, renew the War, and Moderately Ruin the Nation? Would you have us run back, and unravel all the Work, and bring in those that would very Moderately cut our Throats, and set all *Europe* again in a Flame? No, no, we have had enough of such Moderation already.

Now, Gentlemen, is this your Language on both Sides, or no? I could put you in Mind of much more such as this, some Personal, some Party, all which tend to Convince you, that you are not in a Condition to talk of Peace on either Side, till you start back a little, till you are frighted at your own Picture, and resolve to come off from your Inveteracies and your Implacable Temper on one Hand, as well as another.

Now as I have already hinted to you, that you should Enquire whether these Things tend, and how long they will last, or indeed can last, or continue, in the Posture they are now in, so, methinks, I would fain ask both Sides what they are driving at?

You *Whigs*, *I mean some of You, for some have been wiser all along*, You see you cannot break in upon the present Measures; while *you thought you could, you were like other People, I am sorry to say it, for giving no Quarter*; now You find it goes all wrong, and the People You have push'd at have stood their Ground, and are like to do so, now You are for expecting no Quarter, and think of nothing but *Popery* and the *Pretender*.

You *Tories*, *Jacobites*, and Abjuring Lovers of the Pretender; You have seen the Government favourable to *you*, making use of *you*, and inclin'd really to make *you* as easie as can be——— And see how *you* gallop now; Your Heads are all gone wrong with the over Joy of it; *you* are quite besides yourselves and beyond yourselves, and like the two Disciples in the Case of our Saviour, You thought *that this was He that shall redeem Your Israel*, restore *Jacobitism*, and bring in the Pretender, and You insult us so much in the assurance of this, that we cannot be so blind as not to see what you build upon, and what you expect from.

Now while both Sides run upon these Ex gancies, What can be hoped from them, as to I What can be expected of them? Nay, what ca expect themselves, but that this Party-War m on, till one Party or other are entirely Ruin'd perhaps, like Duke *H——n*'s Duel with my *M——n*, till both are lost in it.

I might tell them here, how absurd the Exp ons of both are, how Ridiculous the Fears Side, and the Hopes on the other? Ministers o aim always at a Peaceable Administration; T you will allow *the Ministry* to desire their ow blishment, *you must, you cannot but suppose*, t soon as their Affair Abroad is ended, and the Point of the Peace Abroad Secur'd, they will vour to cool our Heats, calm our *Party-Storm* make *every Side* easie, *that they may be easie them* You must believe this, or believe the *Ministry that they* take all their Measures to no End; *t* do not desire to be Settled and Establish'd, or the Government in any State of Quietness wh are in it, which would mark them for what, lieve, no-body takes them to be, I mean F.

Ministers of State are Settled and Establi the Peace and Prosperity of the Nation they g and by the *Safety* and *Satisfaction* of the Prin *ferve*; no Men in an Administration desire a co Strife and uneasiness among the People, but t all Parties easie and quiet, and this alone can End they aim at, if their Eyes are open, as I they are, to their own Interest.

I might tell You also,

1. That this is not so difficult a Work a People imagin, tho' it is not an easie W ther.
2. That this cannot be done by the Notion pressing any *particular Party* among us, un Parties could be Suppress'd.
3. That Parties, tho' at first our Plague, so Essential to us, that to Ruin *any one* would be to make the other Unsufferable.
4. That our only Safety now consists in kee *even Ballance* between the Parties on all

Of which hereafter.

Printed for *J. Baker*, at the *Black-Boy* in *Pater-Noster-Row*. 1712.
(Price *Three Halfpence.*)